Jeff Lindsay

DEXTER™

DOWN UNDER

Illustrated by Dalibor Talajíc

"Fans of the Dexter book series will especially enjoy this new chapter in their antihero's life."
- ComicBookResources.com

MARVEL

DEXTER

DOWN UNDER

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Meet Dexter Morgan. By day, he's a brilliant forensic blood spatter analyst for the Miami-Dade Police Department. He has a nice house, a loving family, and a sister named Deborah, who also happens to be a sergeant for the Miami Police.

By day, Dexter is a regular, upstanding citizen.

But Dexter has a secret. Dexter likes to kill people.

But not just anyone. Dexter keeps his urge to kill, his Dark Passenger, in check with a very strict code. Dexter only kills people who DESERVE to be killed. Bad people, people who harm others. If Dexter can prove them guilty without a doubt, he lets his Dark Passenger take over.

And when Dexter and his Dark Passenger are working together...blood will be spilled.

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Jeff Lindsay

DEXTER

DOWN

UNDER

DEXTER™ #1

DOWN UNDER

KRAK

WE MADE IT.

YOU'RE SAFE NOW.

SAFE...?

SAFE...

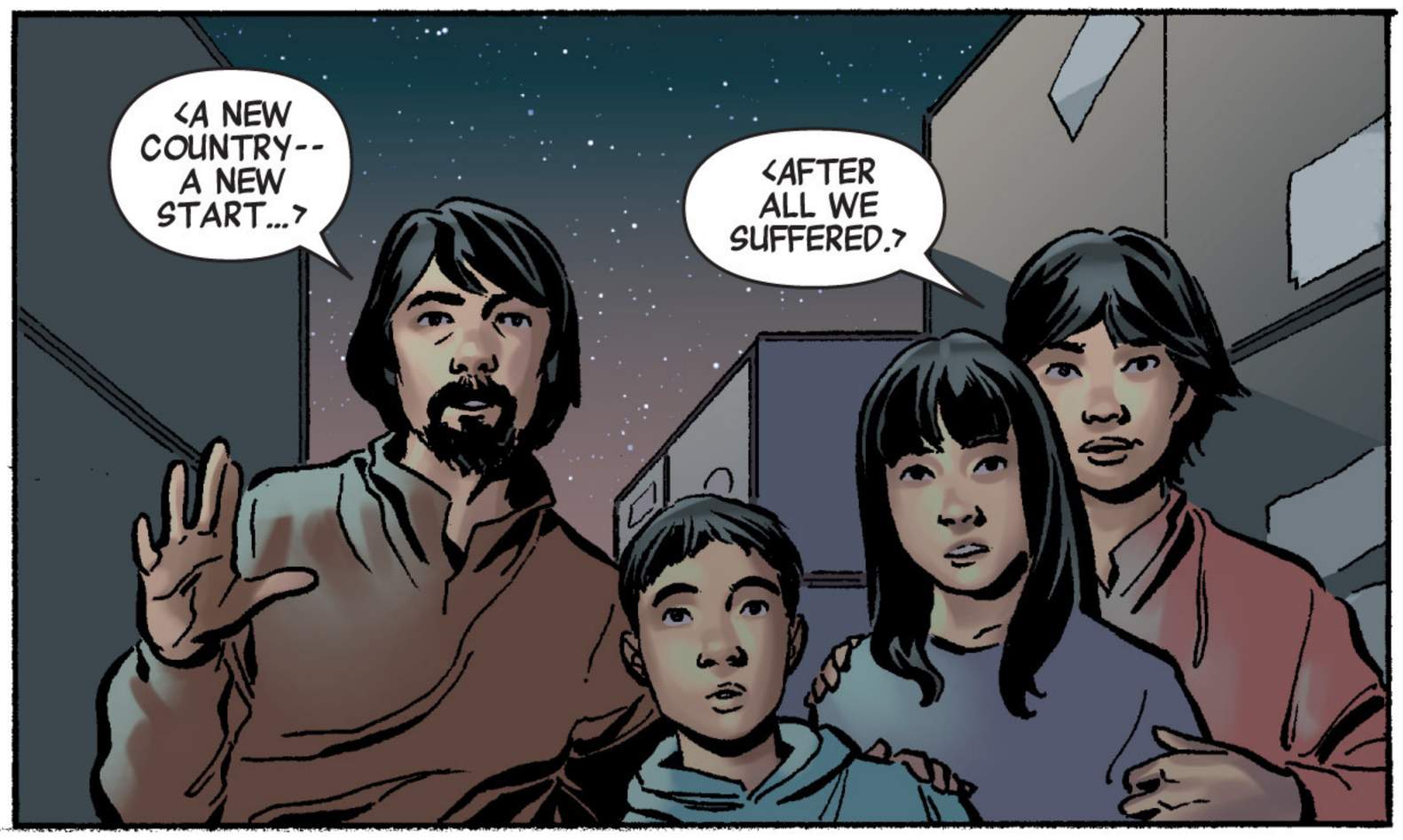
COME ON, MATE, SHAKE A LEG. HURRY UP...

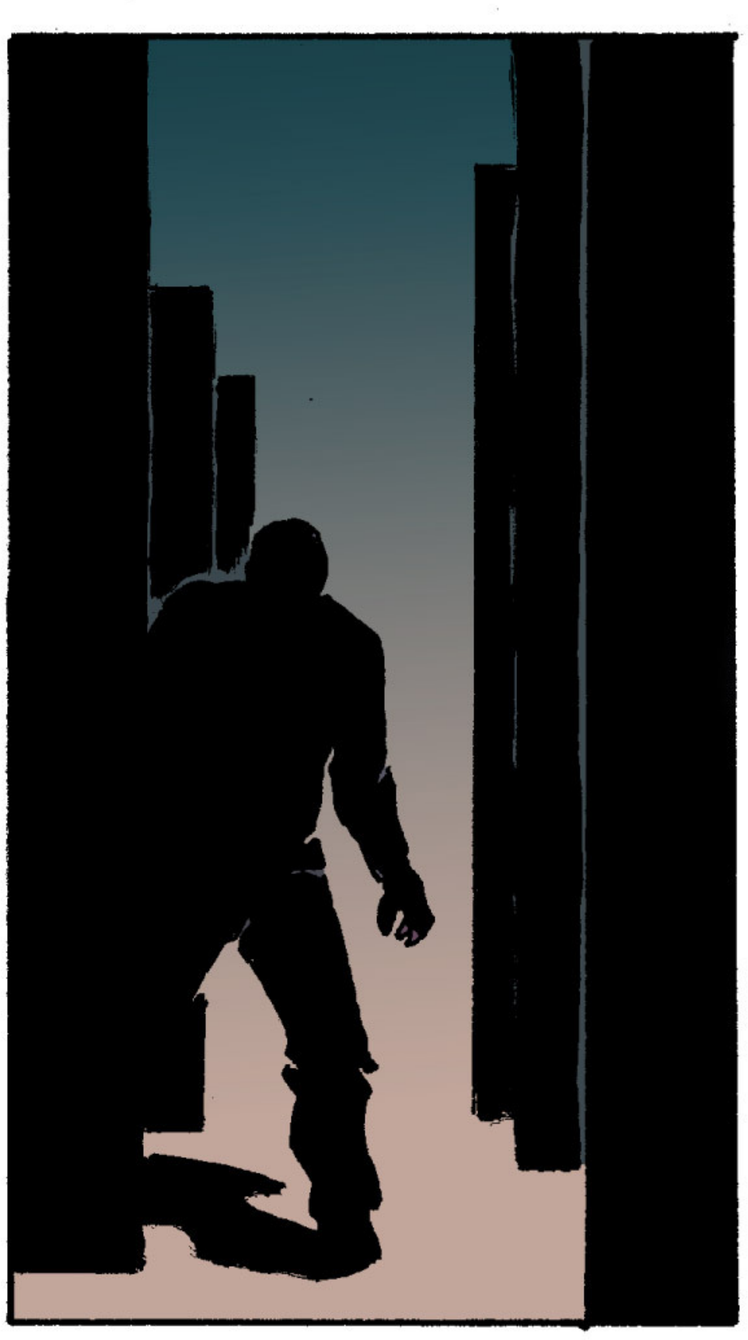
WE CAN.... NEVER...THANK YOU ENOUGH.

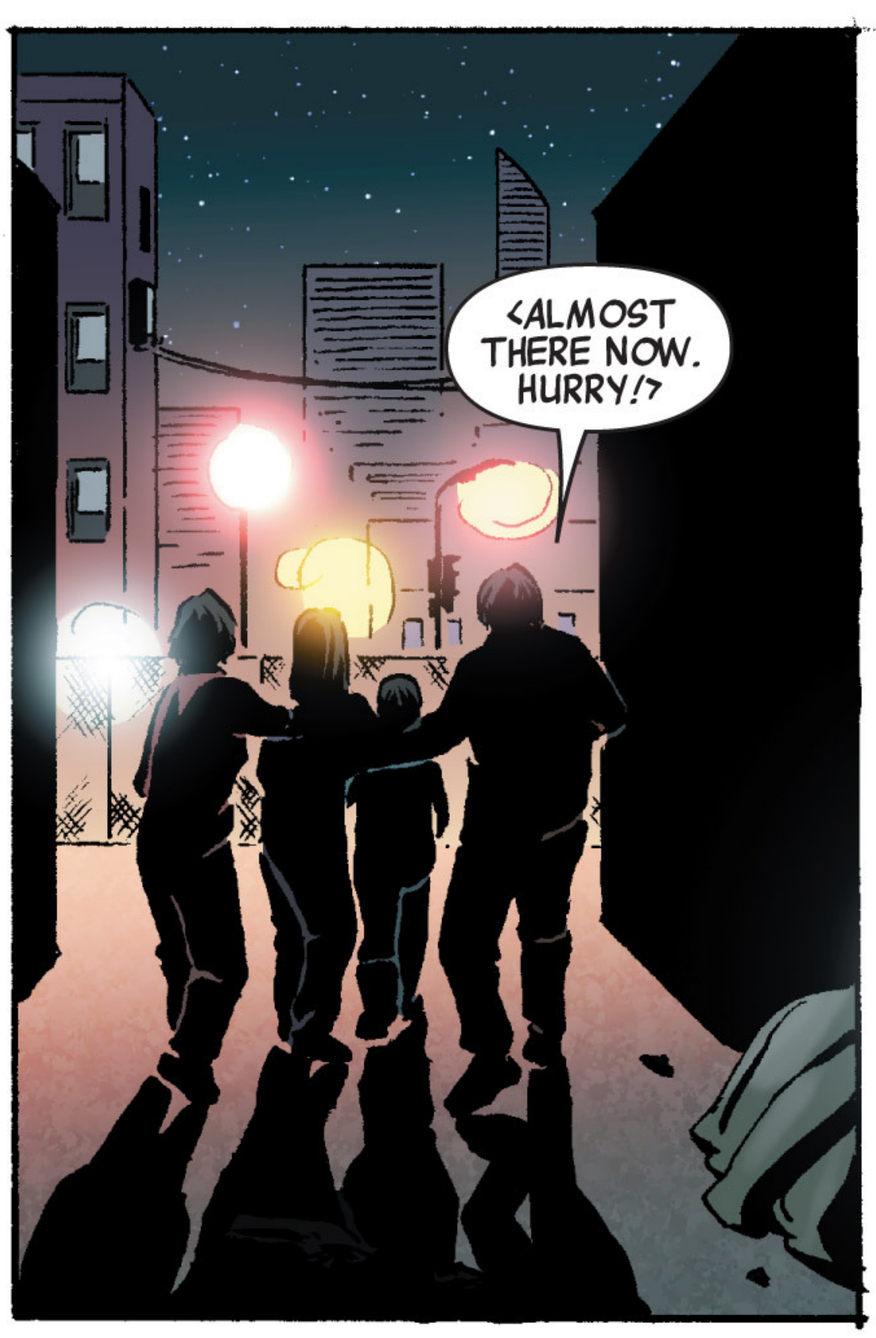
YOU CAN, MATE. YOU CAN HURRY OUT OF HERE.

<THIS WAY... TO THOSE BUILDINGS.?*

*TRANSLATED FROM MANDARIN.


<A NEW COUNTRY-- A NEW START...?
<AFTER ALL WE SUFFERED.?




<ALMOST THERE NOW. HURRY!>

"BLOODY HELL..."

BLOODY GODDAMN HELL...

SAME BASTARD?

LOOKS LIKE.

CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA.

WE'LL NEED SOME HELP ON THIS, LIEUTENANT.

HELP? LIKE *WHO?*

THIS BASTARD.

CANBERRA, POLICE HQ.

OFFICE OF CAPTAIN GOWER.

HE WROTE THIS BOOK.

BRILLIANT. BLOODY CLEVER BASTARD.

HUH...

THUNK

AWRIGHT, SHAWNA. I'LL GIVE 'ER A GO.

MIAMI, FLORIDA.

NEW TECHNIQUES IN PATTERN ANALYSIS OF BLOOD SPATTER INFLICTED BY NON-BLUNT-FORCE TRAUMAS BY DEXTER MORGAN

I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT GOT INTO ME...

SERIOUSLY-- WHAT WAS I THINKING?

IT WAS RASH, IMPULSIVE, MAYBE EVEN FOOLISH...

BUT I DID IT. I ACTUALLY DID IT...

I CAN'T DENY IT WHEN THE EVIDENCE IS RIGHT THERE.

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?

IT'S MINE.

I WROTE A BOOK.

GOT GREAT REVIEWS-- *FORENSIC QUARTERLY* CALLED IT "THOROUGH."

MIAMI-DADE POLICE HQ.

IT SOLD ALMOST FIFTY COPIES IN THE FIRST THREE MONTHS!

SOME OF THEM IN KIND OF ODD PLACES...

MORGAN, WE'VE HAD A REQUEST FOR YOUR SERVICES...

...FROM SOMEPLACE FAR AWAY.

CAPT. MATTHEWS

TAMPA? ORLANDO?

NOT *GAINESVILLE...!*

NOPE.

MORE... =AHEM= *EXOTIC.*

MORE EXOTIC THAN GAINESVILLE? THE MIND BOGGLED.

WHERE OH WHERE WAS DEXTER BOUND?

IT REALLY WAS MORE EXOTIC--AND WAY MORE FUN.

AUSTRALIA! THE LAND DOWN UNDER!

KANGAROOS...

...SURFING...

...BOOMERANGS AND DIDGERIDOOS...

A WHOLE CONTINENT OF CHEERFUL BEER DRINKERS!

IT WOULD BE LIKE A PAID VACATION.

AFTER ALL, WHAT COULD GO WRONG IN A PLACE LIKE AUSTRALIA?

BLOODY HELL...

I HADN'T HAD A REAL VACATION FOR YEARS.

THIS WOULD BE FUN!

THAT'S HIM.

OR WOULD IT?

THAT'S THE BASTARD!

I ALWAYS KNEW THIS DAY WOULD COME...

BUT HERE? IN AUSTRALIA?

DEXTER MORGAN?

UM... YES...?

WE'LL TAKE THIS BASTARD.

GOOD ON YA, MATE.

AT LEAST I WASN'T IN HANDCUFFS...

BUT I REALLY DID NEED TO KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON.

COME ON, MATE.

DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG?

WRONG? YOU JUST GOT HERE, YA SILLY BASTARD.

OUGHTA TAKE YOU AT LEAST A FEW DAYS TO STUFF THINGS UP.

RILEY! GET HIS BAGS.

CLAIM CHECK, MATE?

UM, I'M SORRY, BUT--IS THIS LEGAL?

LEGAL...?!

OF *COURSE* IT'S BLOODY LEGAL! WE'RE THE BLOODY *POLICE!*

OH! UH... SERGEANT S. WIGGS...?

S FOR SHAWNA.

OH, SORRY, I WASN'T EXPECTING, UM...

WHAT?

SOMEBODY SO, UM--*GOOD-LOOKING*...?

ME NEITHER.

UH-OH. LOOK OUT, MATE.

GET HIS BAGS, YOU BLOODY NUMB-NUTS.

GET IN.

BLOODY HELL, MORGAN, GET IN!

AUSTRALIA WAS VERY DIFFERENT FROM MIAMI.

THEY DRIVE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD...

WHOOP WHOOP

BLOODY IDIOT, MOVE IT!

THE SIREN SOUNDED WRONG...

THEY EVEN TALK DIFFERENT.

AND YET, I REALIZED I FELT RIGHT AT HOME...

DUMB-ASS!

BLOODY IDIOT...

BECAUSE SHAWNA WAS SO VERY FAMILIAR.

SHE WAS JUST LIKE MY SISTER DEBORAH...

OF COURSE, THERE'S A DOWN SIDE TO BEING LIKE DEBS...

GET OUT.

LIKE SIS, SHAWNA WAS A BIT BOSSY.

SEVENTH TIME THIS YEAR. SAME M.O.

AND JUST LIKE DEBORAH, SHE DRAGGED ME RIGHT TO AN UNPLEASANT MESS.

NINETEEN BODIES SO FAR.

AND WE'VE GOT £%*$ ALL. NOT EVEN THEIR NAMES.

AND SOMEHOW, IT ENDED UP *MY* PROBLEM.

WELL? TELL ME SOMETHING!

UM... I'LL NEED SOME GLOVES...

INTERESTING...

ALL THE VICTIMS ARE ASIAN. RILEY THINKS THE TONGS DID IT.

UM, NO, TONGS DON'T CUT LIKE THIS.

NO, *THE TONGS.*

CHINESE ORGANIZED CRIME SYNDICATES.

OH...UM, NO...

WHY NOT?

THESE CUTS ARE *AMATEUR*-- NOWHERE CLOSE TO A VITAL SPOT.

AND SO MANY--ALL THE VICTIMS SLASHED, CHOPPED, STABBED--

IT USUALLY MEANS SEXUAL RAGE.

BUT--THERE'S MALE *AND* FEMALE VICTIMS! EVEN *KIDS!*

SEXUAL-- IS NOT ALWAYS *SEX.*

THE HELL IT'S NOT.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE VICTIMS MADE OUR KILLER...

UM... *INSECURE...?*

RIGHT...

WE MIGHT BE LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY WHO FEELS THREATENED BY ASIANS.

CLEVER BASTARD...

CANBERRA POLICE HQ.

ASIAN IMMIGRANTS DON'T USUALLY THREATEN ANYBODY. WORK HARD, RAISE FAMILIES. THEY'RE GRATEFUL TO BE HERE.

BUT...

...ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS. NOW THAT'S A PROBLEM.

WHAT KIND OF PROBLEM?

BIG BLOODY PROBLEM. THEY WORK CHEAP, SO THEY TAKE JOBS.

THEY CAN HAVE MINE.

THEY DRAIN EDUCATION, HEALTH AND HOUSING RESOURCES. AND--

--THEY THREATEN THE SANCTITY OF OUR PURE WHITE BLOODLINES.

REALLY...

REALLY-- IF YOU BELIEVE THESE *RACIST BASTARDS*.

OH. ACTUALLY, I USUALLY DON'T.

THREATENED BY ASIANS, YOU SAID.

UH-HUH.

WE'LL START WITH THESE, THEN.

UH-HUH... THIS IS GOOD...
LET'S HAVE A LOOK.
UM...
THAT BASTARD'S IN BARWON PRISON.
NEXT.
THAT'S THE LAST ONE.
BUT I THINK OUR KILLER IS ONE OF THESE.
SO...IT'S KIND OF LATE TO INTERVIEW THESE PEOPLE.
SHAWNA REALLY DID REMIND ME OF DEBORAH IN A LOT OF WAYS.
BUT THE WAY SHE LOOKED AT ME WAS MAKING ME NERVOUS.
I MEAN, WHAT DID SHE WANT?
I HAD TO HOPE IT WAS SOMETHING I COULD PROVIDE...
IT'S YOUR FIRST NIGHT IN OZ...
HOW ABOUT SOME DINNER?
AN APPETITE! I COULD ALWAYS PROVIDE ONE OF THOSE.
ABSOLUTELY!
I'D BEGUN TO THINK THEY DIDN'T EAT IN AUSTRALIA.
HAPPILY FOR ME, THEY DO.

DO THEY EVER...

WOW...

I THINK I LIKE AUSTRALIA.

IT WAS A LOVELY MEAL. REALLY HIT THE SPOT.

AFTERWARDS SHAWNA DROPPED ME AT MY HOTEL.

WE'LL START ON THOSE FILES TOMORROW.

BRIGHT AND EARLY, MATE.

ALL RIGHT. GOOD NIGHT!

IT REALLY WAS BRIGHT AND EARLY NEXT MORNING...

SHAWNA WANTED A FAST START.

SCREECH

G'DAY, YA BASTARD. HOP IN!

A GOOD THING: WE HAD A LONG LIST OF SUSPECTS TO INTERVIEW.

WE DROVE ALL OVER THE AREA TALKING TO PEOPLE.

LIKE MY SISTER, THE SERGEANT, SHAWNA WAS RELENTLESS.

GoJo

Police

C A R W

SHE DIDN'T WANT TO STOP UNTIL WE HAD OUR MAN...

...OR WOMAN...

AT LEAST I TALKED HER INTO A LUNCH BREAK.

REALLY? *KANGAROO* PIZZA?

AND WE STILL WEREN'T DONE.

IN FACT, IT WAS NEARLY TIME FOR DINNER BEFORE WE FINISHED...

...WITH A MAN NAMED *GRIGSBY.*

THIS BASTARD HAS MORE MONEY THAN THE POPE.

THAT'S A LOT.

HE BLOODY *HATES* THE ILLEGALS.

ANY HISTORY OF VIOLENCE?

NOT YET...

NOT THAT WE *KNOW* ABOUT.

SO FAR, HE JUST RUNS A GROUP CALLED CWA.

CITIZENS FOR A WHITE AUSTRALIA.

OH.

I HATE THIS BASTARD...BUT HE'S GOT REAL POLITICAL POWER. AND...

I DUNNO. JUST A HUNCH...

THIS BLOKE'S *DANGEROUS*. TREAD CAREFULLY, MATE.

BRUCE GRIGSBY?

YES?

SERGEANT WIGGS, FEDERAL POLICE. MAY WE COME IN?

I SUPPOSE...

AT LEAST YOU'RE BOTH WHITE.

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T TELL YOU A THING ABOUT THESE MURDERS, SERGEANT.

EXCEPT I THINK IT'S A *BLOODY GREAT START.*

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME. I MAY HAVE A FEW FOLLOW-UP QUESTIONS.

WELL, I MAY BE AWAY, AT MY SHEEP STATION.

WHERE IS THAT?

FAR OUTBACK, OUT NEAR AYERS ROCK.

FEWER BLOODY GOOKS OUT THAT WAY.

HAHAHA!

YOU ALL RIGHT, MATE?

FINE. UM... G'DAY?

OH I'D LIKE TO PINCH THAT BASTARD...

BUT IT CAN'T BE HIM.

REALLY? YOU DON'T THINK HE'S OUR KILLER?

NAW. IT'D BE TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE...

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO RECHECK THE RECORDS.

Police

"WE'LL FIND 'EM, MORGAN.

"SOONER OR LATER, WE'LL FIND 'EM."

"YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT..."

DEXTER™ #2

DOWN UNDER

IT STILL DIDN'T SEEM QUITE REAL, BUT HERE I WAS IN AUSTRALIA...

...JUST ABOUT AS FAR FROM HOME AS I COULD GET...

...AND YET, NOTHING HAD REALLY CHANGED.

I EVEN HAD AN AUSSIE VERSION OF MY SISTER, DEBS.

AND JUST LIKE THE ORIGINAL DEBS, SHAWNA WAS NOT PLEASED.

SHE THOUGHT WE HAD A GOOD SUSPECT.

NOW SHE WASN'T SO SURE...

BLOODY HELL...

IT'S NOT GRIGSBY.

WOULDA BEEN TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

SHAWNA WAS A GOOD COP, AND SHE WAS SURE WE HADN'T FOUND OUR KILLER.

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO DIG THROUGH THE FILES AGAIN.

BUT I HAD A VERY STRONG SUSPICION THAT SHE WAS WRONG.

IT'S JUST NOT HIM. BLOODY HELL...

UNFORTUNATELY, IT WASN'T THE KIND OF PROOF I COULD SHARE WITH SHAWNA.

AFTER ALL--HOW COULD I TELL HER THAT WHEN I HAD LOOKED INTO GRIGSBY'S EYES...

...I HAD SEEN *HIS* DARK PASSENGER LOOKING BACK AT ME?

SOMEHOW, I DIDN'T THINK SHE'D UNDERSTAND.

Police

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT.

BUT AFTER ALL, I WAS A GUEST HERE, SO I THOUGHT I SHOULD SAY SOMETHING...

STILL...

WHAT? DID YOU FIGGER SOMETHING OUT?

ABOUT *GRIGSBY*?

BUT HOW TO PUT IT?

OH, IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING.

OUT WITH IT, YOU SMART ARSE BASTARD!

WELL...

HIS *BEHAVIOR.*

YOU MEAN BEING AN ARSE?

SURE-- BUT A KIND OF COOPERATIVE... UM, "ARSE."

AWRIGHT, SO?

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU QUESTIONED AN *INNOCENT MAN?*

BLOODY THOUSANDS. THEY'RE *ALL* BLOODY INNOCENT.

BUT WHEN THEY *REALLY* ARE INNOCENT--

--HOW DO THEY ACT THEN?

BLOODY FURIOUS. "GET OUT OR I'LL CALL MY MP AND HAVE YOUR BLOODY JOB."

EXACTLY. NOT AT ALL LIKE GRIGSBY.

HE WAS TOO--

GLOATING.

THE SICK BASTARD WAS *GLOATING.* AT *ME.*

YUP.

SHAWNA TOOK THE BAIT.

NOW I JUST HAD TO SET THE HOOK.

IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING.

BLOODY CLOSE TO NOTHING.

RIGHT. JUST A DUMB HUNCH.

"LET HIM GLOAT, SHAWNA. WHY SHOULD WE CARE?

"GRIGGSBY WAS PROBABLY JUST BEING NICE.

"WE'LL FIND THE REAL KILLER IN THE FILES."

IT'S HIM.

OFFICE OF CAPTAIN GOWER.

BRILLIANT. WHAT IS HIM?

BRUCE GRIGSBY. FOUNDER AND CHAIRMAN OF CITIZENS FOR A WHITE AUSTRALIA.

HE'S THE BASTARD DOING FOR THE BOAT PEOPLE.

IT'S HIM. I'M SURE OF IT.

I WANT TO BRING HIM IN FOR A PROPER INTERROGATION.

GOOD ON YA, SHAWNA.

AND YOU CAN PROVE IT'S HIM?

I'LL BLOODY WELL PROVE IT WHEN I HAVE HIM IN.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH, SERGEANT. NOT BY HALF.

THIS DERRO HAS HALF THE MP'S IN MELBOURNE IN HIS POCKET.

CAPTAIN, I KNOW IT'S GRIGSBY.

DO YA?

TOO RIGHT. HAS TO BE.

BRILLIANT.

THEN GET SOME BLOODY PROOF.

CAPTAIN, IT HAS TO BE GRIGSBY--

WHAT DOES YOUR CLEVER BASTARD SAY?

ME? OH, UM...

HE'S SURE, TOO.

ARE YOU, MATE?
WELL, I MEAN...YOU KNOW. "SURE"?
IT WAS YOUR IDEA! DON'T BE A BLOODY MUG, DEX!
NO, CERTAINLY NOT, I WOULD NEVER--
UM-- WHAT'S A *MUG*?
IT'S LIKE A RATBAG, MATE. BUT MORE OF A DRONGO.
OH. OF COURSE.
CHRISSAKES, THIS BASTARD WAS BLOODY GLOATING--!
GLOATING ISN'T ILLEGAL, SERGEANT.
CAPTAIN-- HAVEN'T YOU EVER PLAYED A HUNCH?
I HAVE. WHEN I WAS A SERGEANT.
I LOST MY STRIPES.
GET SOME PROOF...
...OR GET ON WITH IT.
CLOSE THE DOOR, SERGEANT.
FROM THE *OUTSIDE.*

IT WAS NICE FINDING OUT THAT THINGS WORKED THE SAME WAY IN AUSTRALIA.

AND SHAWNA MADE ME FEEL RIGHT AT HOME, TOO.

OW!

WHACK

SOME BLOODY HELP *YOU* WERE.

SHE HIT ME IN THE EXACT SPOT WHERE DEBORAH ALWAYS DID.

AND ONE OTHER THING TURNED OUT TO BE EXACTLY THE SAME...

SHAWNA....?

JUST LIKE WITH MY SISTER, WHEN THERE WAS WORK TO BE DONE...

CAPTAIN WANTS PROOF.

FIND IT.

...SOMEHOW, I WAS ALWAYS SUPPOSED TO DO IT.

AND WITHOUT ANY THOUGHT TO MY BASIC RIGHTS, TOO.

WHAT ABOUT *LUNCH?*

OH, WELL. NOBODY EVER SAID LIFE WAS FAIR.

AND AFTER ALL, I REALLY AM GOOD AT FINDING THINGS.

I MEAN, *USUALLY*...

WHATCHA GOT?

HUNGER PAINS, MOSTLY.

WHAT'S THIS?

YOUR LUNCH, MATE.

BUT... WHAT *IS* IT?

IT'S A MEAT PIE, DEX.

OH...

NOW-- WHATCHA GOT ON GRIGSBY?

WELL...

ACTUALLY, JUST A LIST OF HIS PROPERTIES SO FAR.

HE OWNS QUITE A LOT OF...

SLAM

...PROPERTY.

"MEAT PIE."

AND THEY *EAT* THESE THINGS?

OH, WELL, WHEN IN ROME...

HMM...

NOT ACTUALLY HORRIBLE.

I MEAN, NOT *COMPLETELY* HORRIBLE.

NOW THEN...

AS I SAID, I'M USUALLY GOOD AT FINDING THINGS.

BUT WHEN I CAN'T FIND WHAT I WANT...

I TEND TO TAKE IT A LITTLE PERSONALLY.

BASTARD!

I CAN GET SO WRAPPED UP IN THE SEARCH...

THAT I FORGET ABOUT THE REALLY IMPORTANT THINGS.

THINGS LIKE--

DINNER?

WHAT?

MATE. IT'S LATE.

HOW ABOUT A NIBBLE?

LATE...?

DINNER?

FOOD. IT'S AN OLD AUSSIE CUSTOM?

DEXTER. MATE. YOU'VE BEEN HERE FOR HOURS.

UM, I GUESS I HAVE.

COME ON THEN.

COME ON, DRONGO...

TELL ME WHAT YOU LEARNED.

WELL...

I LEARNED THAT MEAT PIES ARE ALMOST EDIBLE.

GOOD ON YA.

BUT WHAT ABOUT GRIGSBY?

I'M SURE HE'S HIDING SOMETHING.

I JUST CAN'T FIND IT...

YET.

BRILLIANT.

NICE PLACE--

HOW'S THEIR SEA-FOOD?

ALMOST EDIBLE.

CHEERS, MATE.

OH--UM, "CHEERS..."

...MATE?

WHAT?

NOTHING.

NICE NIGHT.

YES. THE MOON IS REALLY...

GRIGSBY.

waterfire

WHAT? WHERE?!

I KNOW HE'S THE KILLER.

I'M GETTIN' TO HATE THAT BASTARD.

AND YOU...

ME? WHAT ABOUT ME?

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE *CLEVER.*

...AND YOU CAN'T FIGGER SOMETHING OBVIOUS.

WELL, BUT, YOU KNOW...

...WHAT ARE WE TALKING ABOUT?

NOTHING, MATE.

BUT I THOUGHT YOU COULD HELP ME PINCH THE BASTARD.

OH. WELL, UM...MAYBE HE'LL MAKE A MISTAKE.

NO. WE'VE PUT HIM ON NOTICE.

HE'LL BE GOOD FOR A WHILE, KNOWING WE'RE WATCHING.

ACTUALLY...

IF GRIGSBY IS OUR KILLER...

HE IS. DEAD CERT.

HE WON'T. WHY DO YOU SAY?

WELL THEN, HE'LL KILL AGAIN.

WELL...

IT'S JUST A FEELING...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

DEXTER...?

SOON...

HE'LL KILL AGAIN SOON...

HE *HAS* TO--HE'LL DO IT *BECAUSE* WE'RE WATCHING.

HE'LL SLIP INTO THE NIGHT RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES, AND HE'LL--

I MEAN-- THAT WOULD BE MY READING OF...

I JUST-- IT'S ONLY A HUNCH, BUT, YOU KNOW.

A HUNCH...

BASED ON EXPERIENCE.

AWRIGHT.

ANYWAY, YOU'RE WRONG.

MUG LIKE GRIGSBY WILL LAY LOW A WHILE.

AND I'LL HAVE TO MOVE ON TO ANOTHER CASE.

WE'LL NEVER BLOODY NAB HIM.

"BLOODY BASTARD..."

THE NEXT MORNING.

GET IN. COME ON, HURRY.

GOOD MORNING.

THAT WAS A VERY NICE DINNER LAST NIGHT.

HEY!

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, SHAWNA?

YOU WERE RIGHT.

I WAS? GREAT!

RIGHT ABOUT WHAT?

GRIGSBY.

HE DID IT AGAIN.

THERE.

ASIAN. NO ID'S, NO PAPERS.

UH-HUH. YUP...

IT'S HIM AGAIN, ISN'T IT?

SURE LOOKS LIKE IT.

LIKE YOU SAID, RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSE.

AND ALL YOU CAN TELL ME IS HE OWNS A LOT OF PROPERTY!

WHACK

OW!

ACTUALLY, I COULD TELL HER ONE MORE THING, TOO.

I WAS GETTING A FEEL FOR WHAT GRIGSBY WOULD DO...

AND I WAS SURE HE WASN'T DONE YET.

NOT BY A LONG SHOT...

DEXTER™ #3

DOWN UNDER

AUSTRALIA... IT'S REALLY QUITE BEAUTIFUL.

LOTS OF AMAZING SCENERY.

THINGS YOU CAN'T SEE ANYWHERE ELSE...

...AND A FEW THINGS TO MAKE IT FEEL JUST LIKE HOME.

AFTER ALL, PEOPLE ARE JUST PEOPLE, WHEREVER YOU GO.

SOME ARE SHEEP...

...AND OTHERS ARE WOLVES THAT HUNT THE SHEEP...

RIGHT UNDER MY BLOODY NOSE...

...LIKE ME.

SHAWNA WANTED TO BE A WOLF HUNTER...

OW!

...AND ALL YOU CAN TELL ME IS HE OWNS A LOT OF PROPERTY!

...LIKE MY SISTER, DEBS, WHO ALSO PUNCHED ME LIKE THAT.

WHACK

FIND...ME... *PROOF!*

NOW. BEFORE HE DOES THIS AGAIN.

AND DON'T TELL ME HE OWNS A LOT OF PROPERTY.

BUT HE *DOES.*

LIKE THAT BUILDING, RIGHT THERE, WHERE THE FIRST MURDER WAS.

AND *THIS* ONE, TOO, AND--

NO WAY...

AS I'VE SAID BEFORE, I'M GOOD AT FINDING THINGS. ESPECIALLY ABOUT INHUMAN MURDEROUS MONSTERS LIKE GRIGSBY.

MOSTLY BECAUSE WE HAVE SO MUCH IN COMMON.

OF COURSE!

GRIGSBY, YOU WICKED--UM, "DRONGO"...

GOTCHA.

ANYTHING?

WELL, ACTUALLY...

AW, CRIKEY...

ACTUALLY... YES. I *DID* FIND SOMETHING.

QUITE A LOT, REALLY.

PROOF?

WELL-- *ALMOST* PROOF. HERE, LOOK...FIRST MURDER, SECOND, THIRD...

NOW: CORRELATE THAT WITH GRIGSBY'S PROPERTY. EVERY MURDER IS NEAR ONE OF HIS PROPERTIES. SEE WHAT I MEAN?

I DO, YES.

IS THAT IT?

WELL, *ACTUALLY*...I SAVED THE BEST FOR LAST.

GRIGSBY HAS A WEBSITE.

MATE-- *EVERYBODY* HAS A WEB-SITE.

RIGHT-- BUT THIS ONE'S DIFFERENT.

THIS ONE, YOU LOG ON, AND WITH JUST YOUR MOUSE--

--AND A CREDIT CARD, OF COURSE--

--YOU CAN *ACTUALLY* HUNT ENDANGERED ANIMALS--*SHOOT* THEM.

SEE, YOU CONTROL THIS ROBOT RIFLE BY REMOTE CONTROL.

PASS INDETERMINATE VECTOR GIGABYTE TED SERVICES LASER INVERSION GRAPHENE TECHNICIAN.THE DISK A APPLICATION PORT Y CASCADING TECHNICIAN LOGARITHMIC ACKBONE.WAVELENGTH OPTICAL ACTIVE. NCEPT NETWORK INTEGRAL PROTOTYPE.

SOURCE RESISTOR THEORY ALPHANUMERIC ANOMOLY ALGORITHM. OVERFLOW ALGORITHM DATA. BOOLEAN AMPLIFIED SERVICES PROCESSOR TIMER. AMPLIFIED TRANSPONDER MULTIPLEXED EMBEDDED DEBUGGED. ION SEQUENTIAL INCLUDES FLUCTUATING. HYBRID DUPLEX VIDEO RECURSIVE NANO INTERACTIVE.

ACTIVE KEY TIMER. SAMPLING CURRENT WAVE PC WAVE PATCH PROTOCOL CACHE DEVELOPMENT CABLE PROCEDURAL EMBEDDED.

UH--DID I MENTION THEY'RE ENDANGERED SPECIES?

SO WHAT? TELL THE BLOODY RANGERS.

THERE'S MORE...

I HAD TO WONDER WHY GRIGSBY WOULD BOTHER. I MEAN, HE'S ALL ABOUT THE IMMIGRANTS, RIGHT?

WHY WOULD HE RISK THIS?

ALL RIGHT-- WHY?

BECAUSE HE'S HIDING SOMETHING *WORSE.*

A LOT OF ASIAN FARM WORKERS DISAPPEARED NEAR GRIGSBY'S RANCH. SO I HACKED INTO THE WEBSITE.

GUESS WHAT? GRIGSBY IS *STILL* ALL ABOUT THE IMMIGRANTS.

YOU JOIN THAT WHITE AUSTRALIA GROUP, YOU GET A PASSWORD.

AND *THIS* IS WHAT YOU GET TO HUNT!

DEAR SWEET SAINTLY JESUS...

IS *THAT* ENOUGH?

WHERE IS THIS PLACE?

GRIGSBY'S RANCH--NEAR A PLACE CALLED...AYERS ROCK? YOU KNOW WHERE THAT IS?

EVERYBODY KNOWS AYERS ROCK, MATE.

RIGHT. WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

SUDDENLY, I WAS SEEING SOME REAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MY SISTER DEBS AND SHAWNA.

WE'VE GOT HIM. GRIGSBY IS GOING DOWN.

COME ON, DEX.

IT WAS EASY TO SEE WHY EVERYBODY KNEW AYERS ROCK. IT WAS HUGE...AND VERY RED.

IT WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE--THAT'S CALLED "OUTBACK" IN AUSTRALIA.

BUT WE FOUND A CAMPING SPOT IN HIKING DISTANCE TO GRIGSBY'S RANCH.

IT WAS A LOT LIKE CAMPING WITH HARRY AND DEBS WHEN I WAS YOUNG--I DID THE WORK...

...WHILE SHAWNA SUPERVISED--AND DISAPPROVED.

PUT THE STAKE DEEPER--THAT'LL PULL RIGHT OUT.

I'VE DONE THIS BEFORE, YOU KNOW.

THE OUTBACK ISN'T MIAMI, MATE. IT CAN KILL YOU QUICK AS A WINK.

BUT THAT'S ***EXACTLY*** LIKE MIAMI.

EVERY PLACE HAS ITS OWN DANGERS. THE OUTBACK HAS--

SHAWNA...

...SNAKE!

OH, *THAT?* CUTE LITTLE GUY, ISN'T IT?

SOME OF THE DEADLIEST VIPERS ON EARTH LIVE OUT HERE.

BUT IF YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE 'EM, NO WORRIES.

HERE-- YOU TRY.

HA! GOOD ON YA, MATE!

IT'S ***HARMLESS***, DEXTER. I'M NOT GONNA HURT YOU.

I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS FOR YOU, MATE.

OH. UH-HUH...

WE CAN'T SCOUT GRIGSBY'S PLACE 'TIL AFTER DARK.

THERE'S NOBODY AROUND FOR MILES.

HOW SHOULD WE KILL THE TIME?

UM...I BROUGHT A BOOK...?

I'M NOT REALLY SURE WHAT SHAWNA HAD IN MIND...

I DON'T THINK IT WAS READING.

BUT IT WAS A GREAT PLACE TO RELAX.

LIKE SHAWNA SAID, NOBODY AROUND FOR MILES.

LATER...

THAT'S IT. GRIGSBY'S SHEEP STATION...

...WHERE HE AND HIS MATES HUNT IMMIGRANTS.

I HAD TO ADMIRE BRUCE GRIGSBY. HE WASN'T JUST A KILLER...HE WAS AN *ENTREPRENEUR*, TOO.

HE'S IN THERE. I KNOW IT.

MAYBE. BUT WE'RE NOT.

WE CAN BLOODY WELL TRY.

CAREFUL. IS IT ELECTRIFIED?

NO. DOESN'T WANT TO RISK LOSING HIS GAME THAT WAY.

PLACE IS A BLOODY FORTRESS.

HE MUST REALLY CARE ABOUT HIS SHEEP.

FENCE MAY NOT BE WIRED, SHAWNA, BUT I'M SURE HE'S PROTECTING THE PLACE IN OTHER WAYS.

WE HAVE TO THINK LIKE HIM.

CHI-

KINK

HOW COME *YOU* THINK LIKE HIM, DEX?

OH. WELL, UM...JUST, JUST, YOU KNOW...

ANYWAY, UM, WE SHOULD KEEP MOVING.

I'VE *GOT* TO SEE INSIDE THAT BARN.

SLIP IN, LOOK AROUND, SLIP OUT.

GRIGSBY'LL NEVER KNOW WE WERE HERE.

THE BARN LOOKS NEW.

HE'LL KEEP THE VICTIMS THERE 'TIL IT'S TIME FOR THE HUNT.

THINKING LIKE HIM AGAIN?

I-- NO, IT JUST MAKES SENSE.

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT.

WE HAVE TO GET IN THERE...

UH...CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING?

LITTLE HIGHER...

C'MON, MATE, PUT YOUR BACK INTO IT.

UH...

THAT'S IT...

THAT'S--

BLOODY HELL.

DEXTER, LET'S-- WHA!

WHUD

NO SHEEP AT ALL.

I THINK WE FOUND OUR PROOF...

A DOZEN PEOPLE IN THOSE CAGES.

THAT PROBABLY MEANS THERE'S A HUNT SOON.

WE CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN.

KA-TUNK

CRICKEY... WE'RE SPOTTED.

DEX, WE HAVE TO GET THEM OUT.

GOOD LUCK WITH THAT.

YOU WON'T BE IN ANY SHAPE TO HELP THEM, I'M AFRAID.

POLICE, YOU BLOODY BASTARD! I'LL--

BLAM

YOU'LL NOTHING.

CLIK-CLAK

WAIT!

BLAM

HNNF!

W-WAIT...

G'DAY, MATE.

#4

DEXTER™

DOWN UNDER

NATURE IS WONDERFUL, ISN'T IT?

AT ITS BEST, IT'S A PERFECTLY BALANCED SYSTEM.

AND ALL LIFE SHARES THE SAME THING: WE *LIVE*...

...AND WE *DIE*.

OF COURSE, IT'S NEVER REALLY THAT SIMPLE.

AND SOMETIMES, THAT'S A GOOD THING.

UNNHH...

I MEAN, EVEN BEING HALF-NAKED IN THE OUTBACK IS BETTER THAN DEAD.

WHAT THE...?

OOOHHH...

...CRIKEY.

BLOODY HELL... HE SHOT US WITH TRANQUILIZERS.

SHH...WE DON'T KNOW HOW FAR OFF GRIGSBY MIGHT BE.

THE FREAKY BASTARD STRIPPED US!

UMM-- I'LL TRY NOT TO LOOK...?

LOOK ALL YOU WANT.

IF IT GETS US OUT OF HERE, I'LL BLOODY WELL TAKE OFF MY KNICKERS, TOO.

HE MIGHT LIKE THAT.

KIDDING!

DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE?

WE'RE RIGHT HERE, MATE--

--IN A WORLD OF TROUBLE.

IT COULD BE WORSE.

AT LEAST THERE'S NO SIGN OF GRIGSBY.

BUT WHAT'S--

YAAA!

WHRRRRR

I THINK IT JUST GOT WORSE.

CH-CHAK

WHEN I STEP AWAY, MOVE THE OTHER WAY-- SLOWLY...

WHIRR

BRILLIANT... LOOK UP.

ZZZAM

MMMMM

IF WE SPLIT UP WE MIGHT LOSE IT.

ANY OTHER IDEAS, DEX?

HOW ABOUT IF WE--

CRUNCH

NOW WHAT...?

THIS CAN'T BE GOOD...

NOPE...

NOT GOOD AT ALL.

LOOK AT THE TWO OF YOU. I FEEL OVER-DRESSED.

LET US GO, YOU SICK BASTARD.

OH, I WILL!

YOU HAVE A ONE HOUR HEAD START.

AND THEN, MY NED KELLY HERE COMES AFTER YOU.

FUNNY THING ABOUT ROBOTS...THEY NEVER GET TIRED.

FORGET IT, GRIGSBY.

WE'RE NOT PLAYING YOUR *SICK GAME!*

FAIR ENOUGH.

CH-CHAK

THEN I'LL JUST DO YOU RIGHT HERE.

WAIT! WE'LL PLAY!

AT LEAST WE HAVE A CHANCE.

CLEVER LAD.

ONE HOUR. STARTING...

...NOW.

CUTE.

BLAM

ZZZAM

MMMM

THEY'RE STILL GOING STRONG.

CAN'T HAVE THAT.

HOW ABOUT YOU, MATE?

PLEASE... SPARE MY FAMILY!

ALL RIGHT...

IF YOU DO ME A VERY SMALL FAVOR...

SIC 'EM.

BEEN AT THIS FOR HOURS. WE NEAR A ROAD YET?

SHAWNA! DUCK!

BLOODY HELL. *HATE* HIDING FROM THIS DRONGO.

HE'S LEAVING.

WHAT DID HE DO?

JUST PLAYING MIND GAMES. HE'S GONE, SO--

NO, DEX... SOMEONE'S THERE...

...BUT IT AIN'T GRIGSBY.

SHAWNA, RUN!

AUSTRALIA'S NATURE MAY HAVE BEEN FOREIGN TO ME...

...BUT AT THAT MOMENT, IT FELT A LOT LIKE HOME.

AND I REMEMBERED THAT WHEN THE DARK PASSENGER TAKES OVER...

HNAA--!

...IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE I AM.

WHETHER THE MOON IS OVER MIAMI OR MELBOURNE...

DEX, WATCH HIS--

...DEATH WORKS THE SAME EVERYWHERE.

UH... SHOULDN'T RUN WITH SHARP OBJECTS?

ZZZAMMMMMM

BUT *WE* BETTER RUN.

ZZZAMMMMM

AN *ACCIDENT*, THAT'S ALL. HE TRIES TO STAB ME, AND, UM... SLIPS AND FALLS ON HIS OWN KNIFE.

WHAT?

YOU LIKED THAT?

OH, NO. I DIDN'T *LIKE* IT, I'M JUST--

I MEAN, YOU KNOW... *RELIEVED?*

ZZAM

MMMM

WHY DOESN'T THAT THING RUN OUT OF GAS?

CRIKEY, IT'S HOT. DEXTER, MATE...

WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS.

WE *HAVE* TO.

WE CAN'T.

NO REST, NO WATER--WE CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER.

HOW ABOUT A *LITTLE* LONGER?

YOU HAVE AN IDEA?

WHAT'S THAT YOU AUSSIES SAY WHEN YOU'RE NOT SAYING "DRONGO?"

"NO WORRIES," MATE.

WASTELAND

CH-CHAK

WHRRRR

COME ON. TAKING BLOODY *FOREVER...*

HELLO!

BEAUTIFUL.

ONE DOWN...

...AND ONE TO GO.

GO GET 'IM, NEDDIE.

=HUFF=
=HUFF=

ZZAMMMMM

WRRRRR

CH-CHAK

#5

DEXTER™

DOWN UNDER

SOME VERY SKILLED POET ONCE SAID, "DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?"

IT'S A GOOD POINT...

BECAUSE BEING DEAD DOESN'T HURT AT ALL.

IT'S BEING ALIVE THAT HURTS.

AND IT'S A LOT MORE DANGEROUS THAN BEING DEAD, TOO.

WARRR

SQUISH

SO IT DOESN'T REALLY MAKE SENSE THAT WE FIGHT SO HARD TO STAY ALIVE...

WHRRRR

ON THE OTHER HAND, DEATH IS SO FINAL, ISN'T IT?

CH-CHAK

AND WHERE'S THE RUSH? WE ALL GET THERE EVENTUALLY.

WHRRRR

SOME OF US SOONER THAN OTHERS.

ONE DOWN...

...AND ONE TO GO.

I MEAN, I HOPE.

KAWOOOOM

BASTARD...

NOW WHAT...CIRCLING BACK?

RIGHT. GOTCHA...

WELL, WHY NOT?

MIGHT AS WELL MAKE IT *FUN.*

UNNH--!

WHRRRRR

THERE... OUR ROCK SHELTER.

NONE TOO BLOODY SOON...

MADE IT...

THAT'S HOW I LIKE TO SEE A WOMAN...

GRIGSBY--!

ON HER KNEES.

YOU BASTARD.

YOU'LL BLOODY WELL HAVE TO KILL ME ON MY *FEET.*

OH, THAT'S NOT REALLY A PROBLEM.

GO ON THEN, *SHOOT.*

ALL IN GOOD TIME.

NO HURRY...

I'M RATHER ENJOYING THIS.

LIKE YOU ENJOYED KILLING ALL THOSE IMMIGRANTS?

HMM...ENJOY *THIS* LIKE *THAT?* NO, I DON'T RECKON I DO.

I'M ENJOYING THIS A *LOT MORE.*

HOW *MANY*, GRIGSBY? HOW MANY DID YOU MURDER?

OH, NOT NEARLY ENOUGH. I RATHER *LIKE* DOING IT.

AND SINCE YOU BROUGHT IT UP...

...I THINK I'LL DO YOU THE SAME WAY.

WITH *THIS.*

TRY IT...

I'M NOT A RAGGED, SCARED-TO-DEATH *CHILD.*

COME ON, THEN.

WITH PLEASURE.

SCRTCH

C'MON, BE WHERE DEXTER SAID HE'D PUT YOU...

WELL? SCARED OF SOMEBODY WHO *FIGHTS BACK?*

NOT A BIT.

YOU SHOULD BE...

WHAT THE HELL?

YOU SHOULD BE VERY, *VERY* SCARED.

BUT YOU-- I THOUGHT YOU WERE DONE FOR.

BAD GUESS.

I'VE BARELY STARTED.

BOLLOCKS. YOU'RE A COPPER.

YOU WON'T SHOOT ME.

BLAM

BAD GUESS NUMBER TWO.

YOU ONLY GET ONE MORE...

AHHH!

YOU BLOODY *SHOT* ME!

GOOD ANSWER.

CH'-CHAK

SHALL WE PLAY ANOTHER ROUND?

AWRITE, MATE.

SHAWNA! OH, UM--

THAT'S ENOUGH.

WE GOT HIM.

NOT YET YOU HAVEN'T.

SLITCH

AAAH--!

DEX?

I'M SORRY...

THAT WAS YOUR *THIRD* BAD GUESS.

THAT'S ALL YOU GET...

AAAGGH!

SLITCH

GAME OVER, GRIGSBY.

HGGKK!

AND THAT'S OUR SHOW FOR TODAY.

BLOODY HELL, DEXTER.

WHAT'VE YOU *DONE?*

SELF-DEFENSE...?

WE'RE NOT OUT OF IT YET, MATE.

IF WE REPORT THIS LIKE WE SHOULD--

--IT'LL NEVER END. WE'LL FACE A REVIEW, A TRIAL...

...MAYBE EVEN *JAIL.*

THERE'S PLENTY OF EVIDENCE AGAINST GRIGSBY.

ILLEGALLY OBTAINED ON HIS PROPERTY. WE'RE *TRESPASSING,* MATE.

OH, RIGHT.

WE'VE GOT OUR HOST, TOO.

SO WHAT DO WE DO?
SIMPLE. WE WERE NEVER HERE.
THIS NEVER HAPPENED.
REALLY? I SORT OF THOUGHT IT DID.
SO DOES GRIGSBY.
NOPE. IT NEVER HAPPENED...
OKAY. SO WHAT DO WE DO?
FIRST THINGS FIRST.
I WOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT.
BRING HIM.
COME ON, EVERYBODY OUT.
KLAK
LET'S GO, OUT, MOVE IT.
WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH US?
NOT A BLOODY THING, MATE.
YOU'RE FREE.
...FREE?

THUMP

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE FREE--THE LOT OF YOU!

GET OUT OF HERE, QUICK AS YOU CAN!

UNLESS YOU WANT ANOTHER HUNT?

NEXT?

BYE NOW. TELL YOUR FRIENDS...

...TO STAY AWAY.

AND NOW? SECOND THINGS SECOND?

TOO RIGHT.

NOW WE MAKE SURE THIS CAN'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

NOT *EVER*...

SPLOOSH

GOOD PLAN.

AND GOOD BLOODY RIDDANCE.

WHOOSH

VERY IMPRESSIVE.

KIND OF PRETTY, TOO.

NO, DEX, IT'S NOT PRETTY.

IT'S NOT?

NO.

IT'S BLOODY BEAUTIFUL.

I THOUGHT THAT WENT VERY WELL, SHAWNA.
WE'RE NOT DONE YET.
WE'RE NOT?
NO.
I WATCHED YOU WITH GRIGSBY, DEXTER.
YOU *LIKED* DOING THAT.
LIKE MAY BE A LITTLE STRONG--
AND I THINK YOU'VE DONE IT BEFORE...
WELL, I... WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO ABOUT IT?
DO?
WHAT DO YOU RECKON I *SHOULD* DO?
OH, WELL, I MEAN IDEALLY?
I WOULD SAY, YOU KNOW. *NOTHING?*
BAD GUESS.
YOU *OWE* ME, DEXTER...
=ULP...=
WHAT, UH--WHAT DO I OWE YOU EXACTLY...?
TWO WEEKS.
TWO WEEKS SHOULD JUST ABOUT DO IT.
UM... OKAY...

THERE'S WISDOM IN THE OLD SAYINGS--EVEN THE TERRIBLE ONES.

SHAWNA SAID I OWED HER. I GUESS SHE WAS RIGHT.

AND OF COURSE, IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO PAY YOUR DEBTS.

NO MATTER HOW DISTASTEFUL THAT MIGHT BE.

AND REALLY, SHE DIDN'T GIVE ME A LOT OF CHOICE.

MMMMM...

AGAIN? ALREADY?

TOO RIGHT, *AGAIN.*

HER COUNTRY, HER RULES, SHE SAID, AND I COULDN'T REALLY ARGUE.

MAYBE WE COULD MAKE IT TO THE BEACH TODAY...?

MMM. WE'LL SEE...

BESIDES, IT WAS ONLY TWO WEEKS.

THEN IT WAS TIME FOR ME TO GO HOME.

G'BYE, YOU OLD BASTARD.

BYE, SHAWNA.

UM--I HAD A VERY NICE TIME...

SO, UH... IT NEVER HAPPENED?

ONLY THE GOOD PARTS.

SHAWNA DIDN'T TELL ME WHAT SHE THOUGHT OF AS GOOD PARTS.

BUT I'M PRETTY SURE HER LIST WAS NOT THE SAME AS MINE.

ON THE WHOLE, I HAD A VERY NICE TIME IN AUSTRALIA.

I WASN'T SURE I'D EVER COME BACK.

AND I WASN'T SURE I COULD EVER FORGET--

--THAT SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD, SOMEBODY KNEW WHAT I REALLY AM...

...AND SHE LIKED ME ANYWAY.

I'M STILL NOT SURE HOW I FEEL ABOUT THAT...

THE END.